Rundle Centenary Pageant

"The Shining Century"

Presented by the Alberta Conference at Edmonton,
near the site of the original Fort Edmonton.
May 24th 1940.

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by

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"They walk the trails of God, strong pioneers,
Their trail grows brighter through the passing years."

Pageant--The Shining Century.
Rundle Centenary. 1940
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Scene I---Choir sings. (suggested song "Lord of the Prairies" Y.P.H 72.)
Narrator speaks. Spirit of Land moves across stage and speaks to muted music. Indians are seen passing to and fro.

Narrator--Heroes are gorged on anvils hot with pain,
And splendid courage comes but with the test;
Some natures ripen and some souls prove great,
Only in rich red soil, wet with blood.

Of such stuff was Robert Rundle made, and it is with proud humility that we come to celebrate the centenary of his coming to what is now, Alberta. The trumpets have long since sounded for him on the other side, but the century, just ended, has told and retold the story of his splendid loyalty and amazing service. Let us tread the lanes of memory that we may see again the beginnings of a splendid century, and the face of Robert Rundle.

Spirit of Land-
Dancing streams and windswept skies. Royal tapestries of woods and rivers. Strangely beautiful curtains of mountains which hide sweet valleys from the Westering sun. Glistening cascades as beautiful as the outpourings of fairy waters.
Here are the mountains, splendid in their might;
Here are the lakes with mirrored pictures bright.
And here, sweep out, the rolling foothills grand,
Here, warmed with golden light, behold our land.
Land of a thousand cabins, mid the trees,
Fair land of sunlit ranches, summer breeze,
Colors so rare, they pain us with their beauty,
Widespreading spaces challenging to duty.
A land, its colors blended by a hand divine,
Plains, lakes and mountains, this your land, and mine.

Here roamed the buffalo, unfettered, free,
Here, far as eye of Indians brave could see,
Swept in majestic beauty all the game
That from the hand of Manitou ere came.
And here they roved, Blood, Stony, Blackfoot, Cree,
Dreaming their dreams of hunting-grounds to be.
Wigwams and war-dance, tom-toms wildly beating,
Prairies and woodlands, mountains, rivers meeting.
Tall prairie grass, and countless silver moons,
Weaving a magic spell of ageless tunes.
Here, as stand on this historic ground,
Gather the spirits of the past around.
Here let them speak, those voices of the past,
And gather up the soul of things that last.
Here, where the river winds its ancient way,
Quiet we wait, and as we worship, pray.

(Organ music.)

Scene 2 - Indians discover campfire of pioneers. One hates white men. Discuss Indian's position in new situation. Indians meet white men. Interpreter seeks friendship. Reluctantly Indians smoke pipe of peace. Indians injure white man as they leave. Leader sees vision of great city some day. The frontiers are pushed back.

Narrator -It was to this land of haunting beauty that there came, in course of time, traders and adventurers from across the sea. They were pushing back the frontiers. In the year 1794 the first of a long line of gentlemen adventurers toiled up this river, and it was to witness, through the years, many such scenes as the one which that historic day presented.

1st Indian--This is the fire of white men. It is not good for our people that they have come. They will take from us our land. We shall be no longer free.

Mask - These white men are few in number. Let us wait for their return and destroy them. Soon we will be rid of them.

1st Indian--They say in the camps that others will follow, follow, follow. It is said in the camps of our people that white man never gives up.

Mask - White man betrayed the confidence of Maskepetoon's friends. I hate all pale-faces with a bitter hatred. Maskepetoon cannot forget the sorrow of his friend.

1st Indian--Maskepetoon's quarrel is our quarrel. We will avenge. But I hear footsteps; the white men are returning to their camp. Let us hide -- and wait. (Indians hide behind rocks as white men enter.) (The white men are singing as they come.)

Tomlinson--Put on the kettle, Jock. It is certainly good to see a cheery fire after the day's march.

Jock - What fools we be to leave the homeland where the kettle was always on the hearth, and where a man did'na freeze to death in the winter and burn up in the summer.

Tomlinson--You're a grumbling vagabond, Jock, but Scotland itself couldn't hold you as long as there are new worlds to conquer.

Jock- Or a scolding wife to get away from, Mr. Tomlinson.

Tomlinson--Ah! Women! Women! What worlds are conquered in thy name! But seriously, Jock, I feel a strange sense of peril around us in this terribly lonesome place.

Jock - Liver! Mr. Tomlinson! Liver! What you need is a good dose of the Psalms of David. "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." Yon's a great protection. (Indian has advanced quietly, unnoticed by the men, until Tomlinson sees him)

Tomlinson--We shall need that protection I'm thinking, Jock. (Jock makes as though to take up rifle) No! No! Jock. Let us try the power of the Psalms of David. There must be no bloodshed if we can avoid it.

Jock - You're the leader, Mr. Tomlinson, but take no chances. We're a long way from home, an awful long way.

Tomlinson--(speaks to Interpreter) Tell Indians that we desire to be friendly. We would like them to sit at our campfire and smoke the pipe of peace with us. (Interpreter goes to little group of Indians and speaks to them, and Indians mutter amongst themselves.)

Interpreter--(Comes back to Tomlinson) Indians are not very friendly. Maskepetoon has been angered by white man's betrayal of his friend. He says he hates white men.

Tomlinson--But tell him all white men are not unfair. Tell him we want to prove that white men can be true. Tell him we want to be friends.

Interpreter--(goes back to Indians, talks, and then comes back. Indians come reluctantly. Mask hangs back, then takes centre of scene)

Mask - Hear me, hated white men. Maskepetoon will not rest until you are driven out of this land which Manitou gave to our fathers. Leave us tall grass in the valleys; leave us our hunting grounds; leave us the smoke of our teepee fires; leave us our magic and our customs. Manitou gave us the trails and the prairies, the rivers and the mountains. We are children of the skies and the stars. The snow is our blanket in the winter, and the flowers caress us in the summer. Leave us, white men. Go back to your own land. Go back to ways of falsehood and deceit.

Tomlinson--Maskepetoon, no one is more sorry than I that sorrow should come to the heart of Maskepetoon because of a white man's deceit but even that cannot stop progress. We are here, and that's that.
Peace, Indian Brave, this is the way of progress;
We buried are, but life moves on apace;
God meant these plains to be a nation's home,
You were but stewards for a little space.

(Indians sit around the fire. Pipe is passed around, Mask still refuses to share in it.)

Jock - (Hands beads to Indian) Here, take this trinket home to one of your bairnies. They'll like it fine if they are like my young 'uns.

Interpreter--Indian is very pleased with beads, maybe you have enough for all of them.

Jock - Mr. Tomlinson, how about handing out a jackknife or two. This seems to be a prize distribution, and you can be the headmaster.

Tomlinson--A small price to pay for peace, Jock, and one I will gladly pay. (Hands out presents. Indians prepare to leave. As they leave Mask knifes Jock (with a jackknife given him) who falls and is cared for by the other white men.)

Tomlinson--The price of progress is ever sacrifice. What matter if we fall. The Empire must move Westward.

Jock - Don't worry, Mr. Tomlinson. It's only a flesh wound. Yon Indian is some character. Imagine trying to kill me with one of your own jackknives. That's efficiency for you. I admire him for his pertinacity, though not for his attentions.

Tomlinson--And some day, Jock, there will be a city here, and from the windows of many homes children will look out over this lovely river valley. We must suffer that dreams may come true.

Male Choir---------"My faith is as an Oaken Staff." Y.P.H. 151
Organ music

Scene 3 - Narrator speaks to organ background. Fort Edmonton is seen. George Simpson, Governor of Ruperts Land for the H.B.C. is there. Rowand is Factor. Request for minister is made. Simpson not sympathetic to the idea. Residents make appeal. Tom-toms in the distance. Word comes that Maskepetoon has killed another in fit of temper. Old Indian pleads for some one to teach them peace. Finally Simpson gives in and will support request. "I will ask for a missionary."

Narrator--What to one generation is a dream,
Becomes a great achievment to the next.
One carries high the torch, another comes
To bear it on, and soon the glowing torch
Lights up the land, until from shore to shore,
Across the land, from mountains to the sea,
There glows the light that ever brightly shines,
When those who carry torches keep them lit.

Time would fail us to tell of the exploits of the men who "kept their torches lit," but they wrote their exploits in tongues of flame from tiny campfires, long weary marches and deeds of splendid heroism. In names like Selkirk, Frobisher, Kelsey, and countless others, the ages overlap, and we inherit the traditions. In course of time competition in the fur trade gave place to cooperation under the banner of a great company, the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England, trading into the Hudson Bay. Forts were placed at many points along this river, but, finally, in 1813 a fort was erected here, and in 1823 Factor John Rowand was placed in charge of the most dominant Fort along the river, Fort Edmonton. The fort was built on a slope overlooking the river. It was 300 feet long, two hundred feet wide, and with its bastions, palisades, and great studded gates it presented a splendid appearance.

York boats were built here, Pemmican was prepared here for the Mountain and McKenzie Brigades. Cultivation was begun on these very flats, and Edmonton of the Old World - "Happy Helmet" - joined hands with its name-sake in the new world. Its flagstaff carried a flag that challenged a new world to splendid progress. To the Fort came in the course of his journies Mr. George Simpson Governor General of Rupert's Land for the Hudson Bay Company.

Male Choir----------"The Border Trail."

Simpson-- I tell you it simply cannot be done. To bring a minister here is just plain foolishness.

Resident--Why foolish, Mr. Simpson? Mr. Evans and Mr. Addler have both been asking for it to be done, and we do need one badly.

Simpson-- Addler! Evans! Meddlers, both of them! The Indians don't want ministers. If they don't want them why should we worry about them? Besides, you wouldn't get a minister to come anyway. The buffalo would scare them to death, let alone the Indians.

Rowand-- I'm not so sure of that Mr. Simpson. I'm not a church man myself but I do know that there was a man, John Knox, who wouldn't back up from anything.

Resident--Sure, and there was John Wesley too. I was Methodist you see, Mr. Simpson.

Simpson-- Well Knox or Wesley never faced Indians like Maskepetoon and his crowd. It's a mighty different proposition.

Rowand-- Well, we ought to think about it seriously anyway, Mr. Simpson. A lot of the Indians are going South to find the book that they say is in the wigwams in the Red River country. It wouldn't be bad for business to get the book here.

Resident--Aye, and a man to explain it for us. God knows we need something to bring peace and quietness here.

Simpson-- The book? Old wives fables! We'll civilize this country without a book, and without a minister either!

Rowand-- We may, but given the right kind of a man he might help out a whole lot I can tell you.

Simpson-- I can't see it at all; he'll be snooping into this thing and that thing, and you'll have a lovely time, Rowand, with a bunch of psalm-singing Indians. After all it's pelts we're after, not souls.

Resident--But what about some of us? Don't you think we need somebody to keep us up to par?

Simpson-- Maybe you do, but I'm certain I don't, and I don't want any missionary travelling my trail I can tell you.

Indian--(Comes rushing in excitedly)
Maskepetoon has killed a son of Wapanesoo. The Blackfeet will make war on us again. There is always trouble now.

Rowand-- (talks to Indian)
Quiet, Wapanesoo, tell us what happened.

Indian-- Maskepetoon thought that Wapanesoo had taken some of his horses, and waited for him on the trail.

Maskepetoon is always angry since white man came, and quarrels easily now.

Rowand-- Is Maskepetoon angry at white man?

Indian-- Maskepetoon always angry. Maskepetoon make all Indians angry. He says in the camps that white man should be driven out of this country. We need peace in our camps. Maskepetoon brings madness.

Simpson-- It looks bad Rowand. This Maskepetoon seems to be bad medicine.

Rowand-- Some white man made him bad, Mr. Simpson, we've got to do something about this thing. Maybe a good missionary could change even Maskepetoon. After all, we took away their land; we certainly owe them something. You can hardly blame Maskepetoon.

Indian-- Send us a teacher. Maybe he could bring peace to our teepees. Maskepetoon not bad Indian. He needs good white man. All of us need good white teacher.

Simpson-- You are a good advocate, Old-Timer, Rowand, it looks as though I'll have to change my mind, although I think maybe even yet I am foolish but, Old-Timer, you win!
I shall recommend that the Company send a missionary, and shall suggest that he be given everything a Commissioned Officer of the Company should have, with £50 a year added.

Rowand-- That's mighty generous of you Mr. Simpson.

Simpson-- Not generous, just plain foolish, Rowand, but don't blame me if the experiment doesn't work out right.

Rowand-- Here's hoping we get a good man.

Simpson-- He won't come if he isn't. There's that consolation.

Resident--Somehow I feel that the Good Lord will pick us out a good man.

Simpson-- That's sort of putting it up to Providence, but I can tell you he'll need a whole lot more backbone than wishbone. This is a great country, but it's tough on missionaries. How about a pot of tea, Mr. Rowand? Missionaries are pretty dry eating, eh what?

Male Shoir----------"Do you ken John Peel?"

Scene 4-- There is dancing on the village green in Rundle's native Cornish village, Mylor. Rundle visits the village to say goodbye. Feelings are very mixed at his leaving for parts unknown. There is a tea-meeting in the little Wesley Chapel.

Organ Music--"The Church's One Foundation" as Narrator speaks.

Narrator--In course of time Simpson's request for missionaries for the West came through the proper sources to the churches of the Old Land. When the challenge came to the Wesleyan Church it was promptly met by acceptance on the part of Robert Rundle, George Barnley and William Mason.
Before Robert Rundle left to tell the Indians of a tremendous territory that Gitchi Manitou was the Father of all men, regardless of race or color, he went to his native village, Mylor, in Cornwall to say farewell to those who knew him best, and loved him most.

Cornish Dance----May Day Dance (Dance stops as girls speak)

1st Girl--Who's that good-looking young man passing along the road by Mrs. Pascoe's house?

2nd Girl--Why it looks for all the world like Mr. Rundle, but it can't be him.

1st Girl--Why not?

3rd Girl--Well, he's in the Wesleyan ministry now, and from what I heard was expected to go to a circuit up in the North of England soon.

4th Girl--That's the reason why he's home now I imagine. He's just in time for May Day isn't he?

1st Girl--Let's ask him to join us in the dance.

2nd Girl--Oh we couldn't do that. Methodists don't dance you know.

3rd Girl--But this dance is different. It's May Day. Let's ask him, just for fun.

3rd Girl--You ask him, Alice.

4th Girl--No, you.

3rd Girl--Alright, but get ready to hold me if he should accept.
(goes to side and shouts over)
Hello Mr. Rundle. Come on over and join us in the dance. It's May Day you know.

Rundle--(in background)
Sorry, ladies, but much as I would like to join you in such a lovely festival, I cannot stay; I have rather wonderful news to tell my father and mother.
I am going to go as a Missionary to Rupert's Land. Isn't that wonderful?

1st Girl--Where's that, Mr. Rundle?

Rundle-- Somewhere between the Rocky Mountains and the Arctic Ocean. It's a long long distance away.

1st Girl--Why that's away in American somewhere. Why you'll be an awful long piece away from everybody.

Rundle-- Yes, Janie, but in the very centre of the love of God. Goodby!

All-- Goodbye, Mr. Rundle.
(Women come across the green and stand near the Maypole)

Mrs. Trelawney--And what do you think of the news, Elizabeth?

Mrs. Tretewey--I just think it a crying shame that Robert Rundle should be after giving his life to a passel of Indians and polar bears, so it is. I'm just vexed clear through so I be.

Mrs. Trelawney--There sure 'baint no accounting for the pretty ways of Providence. But where be this place where he be going?

Mrs. Tretewey--Oh, goodness me, I never heard tell of such a place in all my life. I think it is out of the world completely.

Mrs. Thomas--Wherever it is it will be the place where Robert Rundle would want to be if there is some work there to do.

Mrs. Tretewey--Robert Rundle didn't need to go away to foreign parts to find himself a passel of work. There's lots of it to do in Cornwall, so there be.

Mrs. Thomas--Well, Robert will do just whatever he thinks is his duty, and he won't pick out the spot to do it in either.

Mrs. Trelawney--You don't suppose there would be any good of our going over to his place for to talk him out of the idea do 'ee?

Mrs. Tretewey--That's the trouble. He won't argy with 'ee, but he'll just go ahead and do what he thinks is right. He's mortal uncomfortable that way.

Mrs. Thomas--Well, it's to the grace of God that the whole of Cornwall, and the Wesleyan Connexion, will commend our Robert.

Mrs. Trelawney--And we might as well help Martha Rundle pack up his flannels for if Robert says he's going, he's going.

Mrs. Thomas--Bring along your saffron cake and your clotted cream for the tea-meeting tonight. We'll have to give him a real Cornish send-off, so we will.

Male Choir---------"Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah." Rhonda.

Scene 5 The scene opens at Fort Edmonton. Brigade expected has not arrived. Shouts indicate its arrival. Rowand, Harryett of Rocky Mountain House meet Rundle. Rundle speaks of country. Meets Maskepetoon in passing. Maskepetoon treats him with contempt. Rundle watches him go. The challenge. Rundle has rendevous with God. Others go up to Fort.

Narrator--Cornwall and England faded into the distance as Rundle journeyed to keep his rendevous with God in the shadow of the Eternal Rockies. Stopping for a time at Norway House he met James Evans, an Easterner, and then left with the Hudson Bay Brigade for Fort Edmonton. Meanwhile the Fort waited expectantly for his arrival.

1st Res---What can have detained the brigade I wonder?

2nd Res---A poor bunch of oarsmen maybe. They haven't either of us you see.

1st Res---But they should have been here by this time anyway. If there is one thing I can't stand its-------

3rd Res---Patience! My boy, patience!

1st Res---Patience my eye! Our supplies are getting low, and besides they ought to have been here long before this. The weather has been very favorable.

2nd Res---Maybe they have the missionary with them. His baggage may have been the extra load that has held them back.

1st Res---Shucks! He won't have any harpsichord with him on this trip, I don't suppose. But you never can tell.

3rd Res---I hope they have some mail with them. Just how are things in the Old Land I wonder. The flowers will be out in the gardens long before this.

1st Res---Wait until you see Rowand's garden bloom. If the missionary doesn't come this trip we may be able to pick him a welcoming bouquet out of our garden. Wouldn't that be something?

2nd Res---Gardens, letters, country lanes, primroses, violets. What's the matter with us fellows? Getting soft I reckon. But look, what is that moving on the river?

3rd Res---It's the brigade! It's the brigade!

All-------The Brigade is coming! (all run down to river to meet it)

Rowand----I wonder whether the missionary will be with this brigade?

Harryett--I certainly hope so. Although there hasn't been more than time for Mr. Simpson to make all the necessary arrangements.

Rowand----Mr. Simpson, when he makes up his mind to a thing, gets it done in a hurry. I'll say that for him.

Harryett--He's as hard as nails, but his heart is alright all the same.

Rowand----There's a stranger in the canoe. I wonder whether that will be our man.

Harryett--He isn't one of our men anyway. It must be him. A likely looking chap too.

(Canoes come in to shore and Rundle gets out Rowand steps up and greets him)

Rowand----Welcome to Fort Edmonton, Mr?

Rundle----Rundle is the name, Sir. Robert Rundle to be exact. Thank you for your very kindly handshake. It's good to get a welcome like that.

Rowand----Mr. Rundle, this is Mr. Harryett of Rocky Mountain House. You will get to know him real well. He's a very friendly chap.

Harryett--Not more so than is Mr. Rowand himself, Mr. Rundle, but we are most certainly glad to see you make the trip safely. And we are certainly glad to have you here.

Rowand----Harryett is quite a chap, Mr. Rundle. He knows every buffalo, Indian, lake and river between here and Rocky Mountain House, and there isn't a better friend anywhere.

Rundle----I shall need his friendship, and yours too, Mr. Rowand. It's quite an undertaking for a man untried in the ways of any strange land, and this is such a marvellous land of distances, and beauty.

Harryett--You will get to love it Mr. Rundle. I can see the light in your eye as you speak of it even now. But wait till you see Rocky Mountain House--and the mountains.

Rundle----I can hardly wait. "His footsteps are in the mountains."

Rowand----But look at us forgetting our manners to an arriving guest. Let's away up to the Fort, and over a cup of tea, you can bring us news of a far land.

Rundle----A cup of tea! That's the very life of England. The very life of England! That's a great phrase isn't it?

Rowand----Come on Mr. Rundle? (As they move toward the Fort, Maskepetoon crosses their path. Rundle and Maskepetoon stand facing each other. Rundle offers his hand in greeting but Maskepetoon brushes it away) Maskepetoon says "White Man" in tones of derision.

Rundle----(to Rowand) Who is that?

Rowand----Maskepetoon. You will have your hands full with him I imagine.

Rundle----It looks like it Mr. Rowand, but there is a great passage for a situation. "They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

Harryett--Maskepetoon--the stone. Not a bad description of him Mr. Rundle.

Rundle----But stones may be polished, Mr. Harryett. That's the challenge. I shall accept it! (Rundle holds back)

Rowand----Coming, Mr. Rundle?

Rundle----Presently, Mr. Rowand. If you will excuse me for a moment, I have an appointment which I must keep. These quiet hills and ancient river remind me of it. (Rundle stands in an attitude of worship and then recites).

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou for Him, so shall the night
Soon end in cloudless day.

Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

Great Master of all ages and of all races, keep me true to Thee, and to "The very life of England."

Organ music------"Breathe on me, Breath of God" as Rundle walks up to the fort.

Scene 6---The scene opens with Rundle teaching in the Fort. Maskepetoon comes in later and tells Indians to leave. Rundle pleads with Maskepetoon for friendship, and hands him Bible. Maskepetoon throws Bible at Rundle's feet, and states his determination to remain pagan "as long as there are horses to steal and scalps to take". Scene ends with Rundle wistfully gazing after Maskepetoon.

Narrator--Busy days came for the Fort. Days filled with activities of all descriptions. Rundle organized a school. He conducted divine worship at every opportunity. Camps and teepees were strangely stirred as Rundle went up and down the trails telling the story of a love that can never be fully told. Where men had sought only for furs he sought for the souls of men, and the majesty of the book found response in the hearts of the proud children of the plains and the mountains, to whom he lovingly ministered.

Rundle----(with Bible open, and gathered about him a group of Indians, and white men) God so loved the world that He gave His Only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. That means that all of us are God's children, you, and you, and you.

Rundle----He wants us all to live here together in peace.

Indian----That is what we all want--peace. When we take the war-path we come home to sad teepees. There is no glory in war.

Rundle----The Great Father does not want sad teepees. His Son died on a Cross that all teepees might be happy.

Indian----But Medicine Man say that White Priest will make Indian blood like the blood of women. He says that when our braves go out to fight again they will be trees shaken by winter winds.

Rundle----The bravest woman who ever lived stood by a cross when all others ran away, and the bravest of the tribe are not those who fight the most. A small flame lights a prairie fire, but it takes a mighty power to put it out. Peace is the Great Father's best gift.

Maskepetoon-(steps forward angrily) Do not listen longer to foolish words. There can never be peace between the Blackfeet and the Crees. There can never be peace between the white man and the Indian. They have taken our land. We are free no longer. There is no peace!

Rundle----But there is peace. See, it is written in the book.

Maskepetoon-It is the book of the white man. Indians read the book of living things. For us the trees, the rivers, the birds, the animals all have a meaning. The book is not alive.

Rundle----No! No! Maskepetoon. It is alive! The same God who speaks to you in the book you know so well has spoken too in this book, and it speaks of peace. Listen! "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you." "Blessed are the peacemakers!"

Maskepetoon-Go to your teepees before he makes you believe these foolish things. Are you Crees or are you children of the tents of the Blackfeet?

Rundle----Do not drive them away, Maskepetoon. Come, let us read the book together. Here, take it in your hands. It is a precious book. It was given me by my mother before I left my home and she would want Maskepetoon to have it.

Maskepetoon-I do not want the white man's book. I do not want White man's peace. When I have taken scalps of my enemies then I have peace.

Rundle----Maskepetoon then has pride, not peace. There is no peace in the heart of Maskepetoon when there is sorrow in the teepees of the Blackfeet.

Maskepetoon-I hate the Blackfeet, as I hate the white men.

Rundle----But underneath the ice and snow of Maskepetoon's anger there is ever the promise of coming spring. Maskepetoon is too great to be a mere hater. Maskepetoon should be a Christian.

Maskepetoon-I will never be a Christian as long as there are horses to steal and scalps to take.

Rundle----Time and patience work miracles. Here, take this book, Maskepetoon I can give you no more precious thing. (hands him bible).

Maskepetoon-(Tears pages out and then finally throws book at Rundle's feet and stalks out haughtily).

Rundle----Some day that proud spirit will strike mighty blows for the Great Spirit whom now he ignorantly worships. Who knows? God! He knows!

Male Voice Choir or Organ music.

Scene 7---The scene opens on Indian Dance. Organ plays Indian music. Tom-toms in evidence. As dance finishes, Maskepetoon and his father are seen talking together. Father offers Maskepetoon choice of sticks. Blackfeet kill father. Maskepetoon refuses to go on war-path. Mentions Rundle but remains unconverted.

Father----Maskepetoon, you have asked me what is best in life, I will show you. Here are eight sticks.

Maskepetoon-With which to light the teepee fires. That is work for the squaws to do. Maskepetoon is a warrior.

Father----Maskepetoon only seeks to hide the things he feels.

Maskepetoon-Show me the sticks.

Father----Here are falsehood, dishonesty, hate, war.

Maskepetoon-They all belong to the Blackfeet.

Father----My son, Kitchi Manitou says they belong to all the tribes. But here are four others: truth, honesty, love and peace. What shall I do with the sticks?

Father----What shall I do with these? (holds first four)

Maskepetoon-Burn them! Burn them!

Father----And these?

Maskepetoon-Bind them well and give them to me.

Father----My son, you have chosen well.

Maskepetoon-That is what the White Priest would say. (Father goes out and dance continues. Suddenly an Indian comes in and announces that Maskepetoon's father has been slain just outside of the Fort)

Indian----White Mud, the Blackfoot, has killed your father, and has ridden swiftly away for fear of Maskepetoon.

Maskepetoon-He hated Maskepetoon, but he was afraid of him so he killed my father. (bows head sorrowfully)

Indians---We will avenge him. We will leave the camp of the Blackfeet as desolate as trees in winter.

Maskepetoon-I will not go. I chose the sticks from my father. Manitou has spoken. Is the test of the Great Spirit. Must the trail always be easy to find for Maskepetoon?

Indian----But the Blackfeet will say: "Maskepetoon has blood of water." We shall be disgraced in the camps of our enemies.

Maskepetoon-The Blackfeet will not say it. Maskepetoon has taken too much of their blood to be poor of blood.

Indian----But let us follow and have revenge. The tribe waits the word of Maskepetoon.

Maskepetoon-The word is the white priest's word, "Peace". I will follow the trail of White Mud later--alone. I hate the murderer but, Manitou alone knows why, I forgive him.

Organ music------Something very reverential.

Scene 8 --James Evans comes to Fort Edmonton. Describes the Syllabic alphabet. Rundle and Evans discuss Maskepetoon who is missing from the Fort area. Fears that he has gone to what is now Wetaskiwin to avenge his father. Rundle is afraid of the consequences between Blackfeet and Crees. Rundle not well.

Narrator--There was at this time great excitement amongst the Indians of the West. Word had come that James Evans, a missionary of Norway House and who had helped the Ojibways in the East make a language, had done the same for the Indians of Norway House. James Evans had:

Set words to haunting Indian thoughts,
And made a race, articulate and free.

Now he was expected at Fort Edmonton, and the trail was watched eagerly for signs of his coming. In 1841, one year after Rundle's arrival, two "Captains of Religion", Rundle and Evans, met on these river banks.
(Scene opens around the campfire. Rowand, Evans, Rundle and others gathered around)

Rowand----You must tell us about your invention, Mr. Evans. It will be a marvellous thing for us here in the West.

Evans-----Nothing marvelous, Mr. Rowand. Just what you would call a happy inspiration, I imagine.

Rowand----Probably inspiration plus perspiration, Mr. Evans; these things don't just happen, you know.

Evans-----Well, you see, Mr. Rowand, I had always been interested in the Ojibway language. In fact, I made an alphabet for them, so when I came to Norway House I wondered why something of the same nature couldn't be done for the Indians there.

Rundle----So you did it. But just what kind of an alphabet is it? If it isn't too difficult, perhaps even I could master it.

Evans-----That's the whole point. It isn't difficult at all. It's a Syllabic system you see. You really say what you see. Anybody can understand it when it is explained, no matter how backward.

Rowand----That takes us all in, Mr. Rundle.

Rundle----Mr. Evan's sympathies are broad, Mr. Rowand. Even you are included, you see.

Rowand----A fellow would have to hit the trail early to get ahead of you, Mr. Rundle, but pardon us, Mr. Evans, please go ahead with your story.

Evans-----In this alphabet of mine there are only nine characters. Each of them takes four positions. Each of them are easily made and easily remembered. I whittled out the characters from polished oak, and then I made type out of lead I procured from Hudson Bay tea chests, and from bullets.

Rowand----But how did you manage to do any printing? You had no ink, no--well you had simply nothing.

Evans-----O yes I had. My Indian pupils prepared birch-bark for paper. I mixed fish oil with chimney soot for ink, and Mr. Ross, the Hudson Bay Factor gave me the loan of a fur-press to use as a printing press. And it worked! And do you know what I printed first?

Rundle----It would be something worthy of the occasion I'll warrant.

Evans-----It was.

Rundle----What was it, Mr. Evans?

Evans-----I printed off two hundred and fifty copies of Mr. Wesley's hymn "Jesus my all to heaven is gone," and I followed that with another favorite of mine: "Behold the Saviour of Mankind."

Rundle----As Mr. Wesley would say: "What hath God wrought."

Evans----Would you like to have me show you how it works. We can do it here around the fire. Ask one of the Indians to fetch a piece of birchbark, would you please. (birchbark is brought)

Rowand----Is there anything else you need, Mr. Evans.

Evans-----Just a charcoal stick. Now, everybody look. (writes three characters on birchbark) Mah- Ni- Tou. Manitou.

Indians---Birchbark talking! Birchbark talking! (all crowd around excitedly)

Organ Music------"O for a thousand tongues to sing."

Scene 9---Rundle and Evans are found conversing whilst the Indians are still curiously examining the birchbark that spoke.

Narrator--And so to the Indians of the West there came a written language. "The Birchbark had spoken." Later in every camp and teepee, by river side and on mountain slope, Indians set words to music which rivers and mountains had whispered in their souls. "God has a few to whom He whispers in the ear,
The rest may reason and wonder; 'tis we musicians know."
And to James Evans "God had whispered in his ear."

Rundle----You know, James, I am worried about Maskepetoon. The Indians all tell me he has gone to an encampment forty miles South. I am fearful that he has gone to avenge his father's death.

Evans-----Has he taken any Indians with him?

Rundle----None that I know of. Most of them are still looking at your alphabet.

Evans-----You are sure he went alone?

Rundle----It looks like it. As a matter of fact his always seems to be the lonely trail.

Evans-----I thought I saw him with the others around the fire when we were speaking of the new alphabet.

Rundle----I wish you were right, but I am sure you're wrong. He wasn't there.

Evans-----He'll be coming back soon. Probably gone out after horses.

Rundle----I am afraid he has rather gone out after Blackfeet. It would mean war. That must not be!

Evans-----But what can you do about it. There isn't a thing to do but wait.

Rundle----Yes there is, James! I will do what you would try to do yourself.

Evans-----And what might that be?

Rundle----I can follow Maskepetoon!

Organ music-----"There were ninety and nine that safely lay."

Scene 10--The scene is the Camp of the Blackfeet. Maskepetoon calls for his father's murderer. He comes in to Maskepetoon. Maskepetoon adopts him as his father. The murderer is broken. Maskepetoon has something to tell the White Priest. He must return to Fort Edmonton to do so.

Narrator--God answers sharp and sudden on our prayers,
And throws the thing we ask for at our feet,
A challenge--with a gift in it.
Maskepetoon had gone to the camp of the Blackfeet. Rundle followed him. Both had gone alone. Of such stuff are heroes made. Rundle had gone to find Maskepetoon. Maskepetoon had found himself--his true self; he had learned to forgive.

Maskepetoon-I come to seek my father's murderer. He is here.

Indian----He is in the tents of the tribe. He thinks it not well to risk the anger of Maskepetoon.

Maskepetoon-Maskepetoon is not angry. Maskepetoon is sorrowful. My father was a good father he sought for me the best trails always.

Indian----Maskepetoon is wise in the ways of strife. How do we know he does not carry weapons concealed?

Maskepetoon-See, I carry only a token of peace. (hands over token of some description). Take this to the murderer of my father. Tell him I would speak to him. Maskepetoon will not kill. I swear it before Kitchi Manitou.

Indian----I will bring him. (comes back with Indian, who comes in with hesitancy).

Maskepetoon-You are afraid.

Indian----Of the anger of Maskepetoon.

Maskepetoon-And well you might be. This hand has ever been the hand of a warrior. But why be afraid? I am alone, and you are many.

Indian----I thought that Maskepetoon had taken horses from me and I hated Maskepetoon. I destroyed the thing he loved best.

Maskepetoon-A good life is never destroyed. I shall see my father in all the living things about me. The sun will whisper of him; the green leaves of early Spring will tell me he is near; the soft-flowing waters when the ice leaves the river will speak of him.

Indian----What revenge does Maskepetoon desire?

Maskepetoon-I do not seek revenge. The heart of Maskepetoon is softened. I heard the White Priest say "Blessed are the peace-makers." I come to make peace between us.

Indian----Peace? And I killed your father!

Maskepetoon-You killed my father. You must now be my father. You must ride my best horse. You must wear my best clothing. You must occupy the best teepee. I am now your son. I have spoken! (shake hands dramatically).

Indian----You have killed me, my son! What you have done will be told in all the camps of the Blackfeet. Maskepetoon is a great chief. Great when he walks the war-path, but even greater when he walks the ways of peace. The Blackfeet will not forget.

Maskepetoon-For me shall come the quiet ways of peace,
For me the gentle ways of white man's books.
I must find the White Priest. I have much to say to him.
(starts out and Indian holds out hand)

Indian----My son!

Maskepetoon-Father!

Male Choir----Organ music.

Scene 11--Scene opens at Fort Edmonton. Rundle is teaching the children to sing. Evans is assisting. Cree hymn being sung. Maskepetoon comes in and stands watching group. Comes forward at last and joins in singing. Rundle sees him and embraces him. The two discuss their dreams. Rundle feels faint and is assisted by Maskepetoon.

Narrator--The scene between Maskepetoon and his father's murderer was prophetic of a later scene enacted in this very place, Wetaskiwin, "Hills of Peace" where, in the days of George McDougall, a treaty of peace was signed between these warring tribes, but let us return to Fort Edmonton--and to Robert Rundle. (Evans and Rundle teaching children, and others, to sing Indian choruses, Etc.)

Rundle----(sees Maskepetoon) Maskepetoon! Forgive me, I thought you had followed the bloody trail again. I was going to set out to find you. Forgive me!

Maskepetoon-It is Maskepetoon who needs forgiveness. I have been cruel, cruel. I have made the work of the White Priest hard.

Rundle----But somehow I have always felt that Maskepetoon was hiding his real feelings.

Maskepetoon-Maskepetoon proud! Maskepetoon has always been afraid of Blackfeet laughing. Now Maskepetoon not afraid. White Priest, I saw Manitou's power only in the lightning that shattered the trees, that pierced our teepees with the fierceness of blizzards, but now I see Him in the soft music of melting snows, and in the gentle whisperings of coming spring. There is gladness in the heart of Maskepetoon.

Rundle----There is singing in the heart of the White Priest. If peace can come to the heart of Maskepetoon, it can come to all the Indians. These plains will yet be plains of happiness, and these hills, "Hills of Peace."

Maskepetoon-Wetaskiwin.

Rundle----Yes, Maskepetoon, "Hills of Peace." It is Manitou's dream for this great land, and through you the tribes will learn that the rattle of the medicine man, or the war-drums of the tribes cannot bring happiness. They will learn the ways of peace. This country needs you sorely, Maskepetoon.

Maskepetoon-I have watched your trail and it has always been brave and true. I would follow your trail, White Priest.

Rundle----Not my trail, but that One whom I so unworthily serve. That One who said, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." Maskepetoon, will you accept the book I offered you before? No other gift seems worthy of this hour.

Maskepetoon- I will, and Maskepetoon will be yours as long as the rivers flow and the sun shines. (takes Bible from Rundle)

Rundle----Mine--and His. (holds head as though overcome with fatigue)

Maskepetoon-White Priest is sick. See, Maskepetoon will take him to his house. (holds Rundle)

Rundle----I did not know how tired I was until now, but it is a happy tiredness. These have been great days for the Fort, and for the Church, and for the Country. Maskepetoon. Chief! Friend! Brother! Let me lean hard on your unwearied strength.

Maskepetoon-Even the river seems to be singing as it goes. There is peace in the heart of Maskepetoon. (They go off arm in arm)

Indian School-"There's a land that is fairer than day."

Scene 12--Rundle is preparing to leave for England. All are gathered to say farewell. Maskepetoon has not come. All wait for him. Maskepetoon has been injured on the trail. Resident doubts fidelity of Indians. Maskepetoon comes. Rundle makes farewell speech. Maskepetoon promises to assist in promoting peace amongst Indians. Scene closes as Rundle gets into canoe and as the canoes fade away Maskepetoon is left standing by river-side. Kneels in prayer as shadows fall. Narrator brings story up to present day as music is heard in background.

Narrator--The years had taken their toll of Rundle. Wearied with his incessant travelling, and suffering from sickness, it was thought advisable for him to leave for England, and home. Word had gone out to the tribes that Rundle was leaving, and a great crowd of Indians, from the many tribes to whom he had ministered, all the way from Fort Carlton to the Rockies, gathered to say farewell. It was a magnificent tribute to Rundle's ministry of reconciliation. It was a glorious triumph of the Cross.
(Canoes are being loaded, etc. Brigade is getting ready to leave.)

Rundle----I wonder why he has not come? I cannot leave without seeing him once more. Where are you, Maskepetoon?

Rowand----Don't worry too much, Mr. Rundle. He may turn up even yet, although it begins to look bad, I must admit.

Rundle----Something surely must have happened to keep him away. I know he will not fail me. (goes off to look toward the trail.)

Resident--Don't build too much on it, Mr. Rundle; after all, he is only a Indian.

Rowand----It will take more than a remark like that to make Mr. Rundle lose faith in Maskepetoon.

Resident--Oh, he has gone off on a hunting trip and probably has forgotten all about it. You know how it is!

Rowand----But that isn't how it is with Maskepetoon. I never saw more devotion to a white man than Maskepetoon has given Mr. Rundle, and believe me, there's a reason for it. This Fort and this country is losing a mighty good man.

Harryett--I'll say so, Mr. Rowand. Maybe we had better hold off the departure until tomorrow. It would break Mr. Rundle's heart not to say goodbye to Maskepetoon. What do you say?

Rowand----Probably we had better, although the Brigade won't have any too much time for the trip as it is.
(Indian comes in saying Maskepetoon is coming.)

Indian----Maskepetoon is coming. He is walking slowly.

Rundle----I knew he would come. I knew he would not fail me.
(Maskepetoon comes in).

Maskepetoon-White Priest, I came slowly. My foot was hurt on the trail, but I had to come. I could not catch the horses so I walked. The miles were long, and my heart was heavy.

Rundle----Dear faithful one. I knew you would come. I could not go without another word.

Maskepetoon-Why must you go, White Priest? The trails will be lonely without you.

Rundle----Never lonely any more, Maskepetoon!

Maskepetoon-Lonely for you always, White Priest. No other knows so well the heart of Maskepetoon.

Rundle----And a great heart it is too.

Maskepetoon-Then why go, White Priest?

Rundle----Would that I could go and yet stay. There are many reasons for going, and yet how many there are why one should stay. But I must go.

Maskepetoon-Then the heart of Maskepetoon goes too.

Rundle----The heart of Maskepetoon will ever be in these great spaces, and it will be a heart of living, loving service--always.

Maskepetoon-I shall ever think of you, and remember how you taught Maskepetoon that the way of anger brings only sorrow.

Rundle----And there will not be a moment of my days that I shall not be thinking of you, Maskepetoon, and I shall pray that you will always be a friend of the white man, and a humble follower of Jesus our Lord.

Maskepetoon-I want you to take this tomahawk of mine. You will think of Maskepetoon whenever you see it. I shall never need it again.
(hands Rundle the tomahawk.)

Rundle----Thank you, Maskepetoon, but I want you to promise me more. I want you, for the sake of the love you bear me, to promise me that you will do all you can to keep peace between the tribes. Will you promise me that?

Maskepetoon-I promise, White Priest, and I will die, if needs be, that the promise be kept.

Rundle----God bless you, brave heart, and so a fond farewell. (shake hands with great feeling.)
(Maskepetoon goes down to water's edge and waits.)

Rundle----(turns to crowd gathered) The canoes are waiting and I must not keep them waiting, but I must say the word I want to say before I go. God bless you all for your loving loyalty and your splendid friendship. I came, a stranger, and you welcomed me to your camp-fires, and to your hearts. Death and destruction have constantly been around us, but I have felt safe, because I knew you were my friends. When death has come to your teepees I have mourned with you, and you have shared my sorrows too. O my friends, this is going to be a great country some day. Pray God that you may all be worthy of it. Live in peace with each other. Let the bitter cry of saddened teepees never come again to the tribes because of tribal wars. Remember what I have always said "Blessed are the peacemakers." It is the only way. Thank you, Mr. Rowand, and thank you, Mr. Harryett for all your kindnesses. I shall think of you all and in fancy shall smell the smoke of many camp-fires, and I shall know that all is well. The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace. Farewell!
(All go to canoes. Indians sing song in Cree as he leaves.)
(Canoes leave. As they go, Maskepetoon is seen standing by river brink, alone. He kneels as the canoes fade away. Organ plays, "There's a land that is fairer than day.")

Maskepetoon-Farewell! White Priest! Farewell!

Narrator--Many years later, when trouble was brewing amongst the various tribes, and the influence of Louis Reil was being felt, Maskepetoon, McDougall, Steinhauer, and others, sought for peace and a treaty of peace was signed at, what is now, Wetaskiwin "Hills of Peace". Maskepetoon, walking into the camp of the Blackfeet, carrying an open Bible in his hand, was a peace advocate. He was slain, but his soul went marching on. For him too the trumpets have long since sounded on the other side. It is eminently fitting that a Steinhauer should pay a final tribute to the splendid souls of a splendid century.

Steinhauer-And so, we pay tribute to Robert Rundle. We pay tribute, too, to those heroic souls whose spirits haunt with glad abandon these river banks where their camp-fires drove back the darkness of wintry nights, and who, with a patriotism and a courage richer and deeper than the rivers up which they travelled, claimed these fair lands for a Kingdom which has woven into its banners, closses of love, liberty, and an abiding loyalty.

He walks the trails of God above,
And makes his camp beside the very throne.
No more the bitter cold, the weary miles,
Meals of hard pemmican, and nought but love
For these proud children of a Father's care
To keep him constant. His was spirit rare.
He walks the trails of God, strong pioneer;
His trail grows brighter with each passing year.

Here, as a Shining Century slips away,
Here, we remember proudly, and we pray.

Music----------"The Church's One Foundation."
(The massed choirs, and organ.)